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MARCH, 1947

# The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

## The Stone

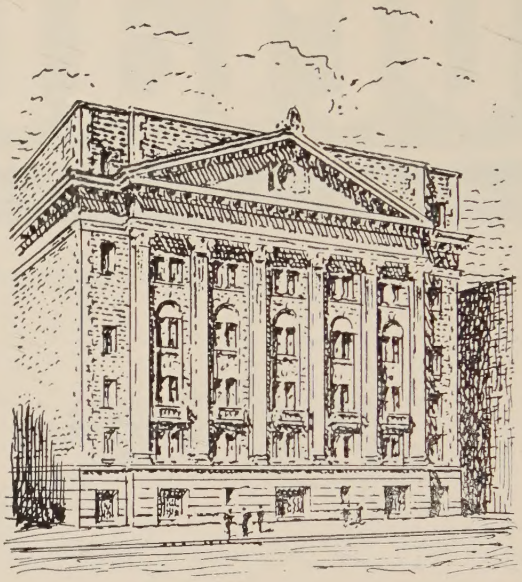
"Christ is risen, Christ is risen!"
The glad voices glibly say,
Yet he lies within the prison
Of our stolid hearts today.

No angel rolls away the stone
Of cowardice and greed.
It is our strength and ours alone
Can answer for that need.

Grant us strength in straining, lifting,
He on His side, we on ours,
Till at length, the boulder shifting,
Christ comes forth among the flowers.

Kenneth W. Porter.

*(From Poems for Special Days and Occasions by Thomas Curtis Clark)*



**THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO**

**Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road**

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

# Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

# The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

*Volume XXIV* **March, 1947** *Number 12*


# An Easter Prayer

Lord, now that spring is in the world,
And every tulip is a cup
Filled with the wine of Thy great love,
Lift Thou me up.

Raise Thou my heart as flowers arise
To greet the glory of Thy day,
With soul as clean as lilies are,
And white as they.

Let me not fear the darkness now,
Since Life and Light break through
Thy tomb;
Teach me that doubts no more oppress,
No more consume.

Show me that Thou art April, Lord,
And Thou the flowers and the grass;
Then, when awake the soft spring winds,
I'll hear Thee pass!

Charles Hanson Towne.

# The People's Church of Chicago

**941 Lawrence Avenue**

## 35th Year

Sunday Morning Service.....11 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD

Sunday Evening Service.....7:30 o'clock
Not Broadcast—2000 Seats

Church School of Religious Education—9:30 a.m.

* * *

**Wednesday Evening Book Lectures—8 o'clock**

MARCH BOOKS

March 5—"East River"—Sholem Asch

March 12—"Through Russia's Back Door"—Richard E. Lauterbach

March 19—"Peace of Mind"—Joshua Loth Liebman

March 26—"Pavilion of Women"—Pearl S. Buck

* * *

**Dr. Bradley On The Air**

WLS—Every morning at 9:25 (Monday through Friday)
ABC Network. Over 200 stations in the U. S. and Canada.
"Hymns of All Churches" Program.

WGN—Every evening at 6:00 (Monday through Friday)

WJJD—Every Sunday morning the entire church service is broadcast from 11 to 12:30

# *HEAR*

# DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

## HOLY WEEK – March 31st through April 4th

* * *

### ERLANGER THEATRE

127 N. Clark St. (Loop)
Every Noon—12:10 to 12:40 p.m.
Theme: "LIFE'S QUESTIONS ANSWERED"

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Monday, | March 31— | "Are you Getting the Most Out of Life?" |
| Tuesday, | April 1— | "Are You Worried?" |
| Wednesday, | April 2— | "Are You Afraid of Life?" |
| Thursday, | April 3— | "Are You Losing Faith?" |
| Friday, | April 4— | "Are You Afraid of Death?" |

* * *

### THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road
Every Night—8 p.m.
Theme: "THE BEATITUDES"

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Monday, | March 31— | "Blessed Are the Poor in Spirit" |
| Tuesday, | April 1— | "Blessed Are They That Mourn" |
| Wednesday, | April 2— | "Blessed Are the Meek" |
| Thursday, | April 3— | "Blessed Are They That Hunger" |
| Friday, | April 4— | "Blessed Are the Merciful, the Peacemakers and the Persecuted" |

* * *

Plan to attend some church. If you have no Church, The Peoples Church will welcome you.

* * *

### EASTER DAY—FOUR GREAT SERVICES

9:00 a.m.—"Art Thou the Gardener?"
11:00 a.m.—"Truth Triumphant"
3:30 p.m.—"Upon This Rock"
New Members Received and
Christening Service for Children
7:30 p.m.—"Eternity in the Heart"
Loud speakers installed for overflow congregations
2100 Seats available—All creeds and races welcome

* * *

We are grateful to radio listeners for the Hooper Radio Poll which gives The Peoples Church broadcast the highest rating of any religious or church broadcast originating in Chicago.

# "HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?"

**SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**
**Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago**

"WHEN a world and a civilization pass thru what our world and our civilization have passed thru during the last fifty years of human history, those of us who have lived thru that experience and have reacted against the changes and modifications which come in our daily expression of living, certainly are assaulted in one of the most vulnerable parts of our being, and that is the stabilizing, steadying, unifying, integrating, emotional personality which we all possess. No matter how intelligent, refined and educated we may be, and no matter how much we may have missed the refinements of our modern life, educational or cultural, we are all alike amenable psychically in this world. How we are influenced will depend on the quality of our sensitiveness, but that we are all sensitive and emit definite reactions from the sphere of our physical influences and our spiritual personalities, cannot be questioned. Each person not only has the physical personality, which is the external manifestation of his internal personality, but he likewise has a psychical personality, a personality which is hidden, frequently repressed, usually frustrated, and treated quite generally as tho it were unreal, and what is still more tragic, unimportant.

We now see that it is quite as important for a person to be integrated in his psychical personality as it is in his physical well-being, or the tangible material environments in which he lives. That is why you frequently find in families, and in people, where there is everything in the world for those people to enjoy and live for, a very high degree of unhappiness, inadequacy and discontent, and frequently we stand and look at the disintegration of some of the personalities involved in that environment, and we say, "Why, they have everything in the world to enjoy! They have money, they can travel, they have beautiful furniture, tapestries, china, lovely rugs, and everything in the world, why are they unhappy?

Now, the fact of the matter is that it is all an indication of the breakdown of the psychical personality and not the material environment at all. And interestingly enough, there are definite psychological reasons for it. This sort of a disintegration of that personality takes place more frequently where there is a certain smugness, a certain satisfaction, a certain sense of security with the individual. It is perfectly obvious that the ultra poor, and those who find life on terms of the highly competitive basis, who must utilize their faculties in order to make life tenable, are less afflicted with nervous breakdowns and psychical disturbances than people more fortunately situated. I am not intimating that they do not have breakdowns of this character, but, apparently, there is a direct connection with a certain security, a certain sense of solidarity in a society of which one is a part and a factor quality of their inner psychical life, so that very frequently we find, in a certain strata of human society, certain psychological afflictions taking place on the part of those who are a little more than usually prosperous, and particularly those who are idle and who don't have a deep sense of accommodation and responsibility that manifests itself in activity. They are the ones who are having

trouble with their nerves—breakdowns. You have only to consult the clients' list of those who seek out psychiatrists, and those who look for recovery from those particular conditions of their own natures, where they are having difficulty in maintaining equilibrium and stability, a stabilization of their lives; and they begin to disintegrate.

Now, there is a direct relationship between that and something which we call "activity for important and significant objectives." A lady came to me only this week in a very tragic and difficult state of nerves, exhausted, a breakdown, and when I went over her activities in which she has been engaged in the past ten years—even back further than that, for that was necessary—I made the interesting discovery that she had lived practically the entire time a self-centered life. In every interest she had had, her own well-being was involved, and her whole energy expression of life had been lived entirely self-centered, and she was on the verge of hysteria. Perfectly logical, perfectly normal for her to be that way. She was following a principle of psychiatric evolution.

"I have come to talk to you," she said, "I have been here, there, and everywhere, and I just cannot get hold of myself. I have all kinds of butterflies going on inside of me," she said to me. I said to her, "Do you know what is the matter with you?" She looked at me in perfect amazement. "I think I know," I continued. "You are the most selfish person I have ever met." You know, a bit of a shock is good treatment too—we are discovering this now, in our hospitals. I was out to one the other day and I am amazed and astounded at the new technique being used in our Veterans' Hospitals and what is being accomplished by the shock treatment. I am going to apply more and more of it to people and congregations; I think there is something to it. So I concluded that I would "shock" this woman. The great difficulty is they want someone to weep with them; they are looking for sympathy; and above all they are looking for someone who *understands them*—as tho they were particularly difficult to understand. I never meet a person who continuously says, "They don't understand me" but what I can see thru them with a clearness of a crystal window glass. I can see thru them much more easily than I can the enigma, the fellow who is not looking for someone to understand him: he is the one. So, when people say to me "They don't understand me," I know they need a bit of a shock, and I said to this woman: "Do you know you are the most selfish person I have ever met? You are downright selfish"—and I put a little "umph" into it too, so she knew I kind of meant it. I said, "You are downright selfish!" What she expected from me was sympathy, you know, just sort of agreeing all the way thru and saying "Don't worry, everything will be all right." So I said, "You are selfish; you are downright selfish!" Why, she looked at me and the shock started to work, and she revolted a little bit against me. "What do you mean?" "I mean that I have gone over your life for the past ten years and you have never done a single thing for anyone; you have had everything in the world you have wanted, you have been indulged, you have gone to places you wanted to go, and after ten or fifteen years of that you come around here with butterflies! Of course, you have butterflies in your head, in your brain, in your stomach, you are just a butterfly, you are butterflies all over." She did not know just what had happened so she said: "This is not what I expected." I said, "You are right, it is not what you expected, that is the rea-

son it is going to help you." When I said the word "help" she said, "What do you mean by that?" I said, "You go and find some family, some child, some cause, some church, something in your life, someone who needs you, someone who is in trouble; go and find something to do for someone, and you will get out of this nervous business. You find something in which you can get interested besides yourself." And she said to me, "I think I'll try it."

Now, I am going to watch her. I think she is in the Church this morning . . . I don't know, I cannot see everybody, but I am going to watch that woman, and I tell you just as certain as anything in the world, in three months she won't know herself.

Of course, we are all reacting from this nervous, jittery assault that we have all had. We have been disillusioned, and nothing raises more "hob" with the psychical personality than disillusionment. Something that you have worked for, planned for, dreamed about, and hoped for, and have it all fail and come to nothing: that's the biggest disillusionment of all. Of course, we have all been thru that, we have been thru the problem of international peace, of economic security, and industrial situations, time after time on a great social scale as well as on an individual scale. We have not had much else in the last twenty-five years, and this has beat against and assaulted the finer and inner personalities of our lives. Of course, it is easy to be nervous, jittery, chaotic and confused, but sometimes that creates a challenge. There is a quality of fear that is important. What do you think science has been motivated by all of these years when it has done so much in the field of cancer and polio? What was way in the background of our men of science? Fear that these things might get loose and a conviction that something must be done to stop it. Fear is a good thing at times. We have been afraid and fearful of the social diseases, poverty, social hatred, that have afflicted human society, and so the social surgeons and scientists have gone to work and told us about the relationship between slums and crime and what it means in our society and we have become alarmed. Of course, it not only made us jittery and nervous, but we accepted it as a challenge and proposed to do something about it.

In the field of atomic energy, our society could experience total extinction which creates fear in the minds of the diplomats, the prime ministers, economists, statesmen. They know that we have a power in our hands that in an unknown second could produce oblivion! What do we propose to do? Let our society become a nervous wreck as many of our individual selves have become nervous wrecks? Let loose the guards of discipline, run riot in the field of emotional and moral anarchy? *NO!* Just as the integrated person accepts every experience as an opportunity upon which to build a more impregnable life: that is what experience is for, that is its only purpose . . . we take this tremendous warning and now we see more clearly this tremendous power in our hands.

What must we do now? We must get rid of war! That is what we say and the peoples of the world say it and *IT MUST BE DONE!* We are utilizing the fear of extinction as the basis for eradicating the cause of our own dilemma! That is what an individual life should do; merely because things go wrong and we have a battle, a fight, a conflict on our hands, we don't just go to pieces. I never remember one hour of my life when it was not a conflict. When is civilization ever an easy thing? Who wants plush, and soft cushions and no resistance in a world like this? Why, the only way we ever grow and develop

strength is thru resistance. It is bromidic for me to say that no person ever becomes strong who does not create strength by overcoming. When things are easy, flabbiness is always the result. Don't take your bitterness and your problems and trials, even your failures and defeats, as disasters; in a way they are not disastrous at all; they can be treated as a challenge and they can be treated as a principle. Who wants an easy life? I don't. I have never had one. I wish that somebody would find an 8-hour day for me. I would be happy if I could get a 10-hr day; I have not had any. Who wants ease and contentment and always blue skies and soft music? That only creates softness, flabbiness; that destroys the real psychical personality of a person: that is the assault which we all face, and I don't run from it, and you ought not.

I have a little secret to help those in trouble, who are experiencing a certain exhaustion, which comes from the release of nervous vitality, and who feel that they have not the spiritual or intellectual stamina to maintain the continuity of integration. I think the person who is integrated is the strong person; the person who has maintained equilibrium, who has tried to keep his intellectual, spiritual, physical and psychical personalities in harmonic relationship so that when one aspect is under attack he gets the full scope of the generated power of all the others to lift him up so he doesn't go completely to pieces; there is something left within him that lights the little light of power. If you face a moral problem and there has been a moral collapse, perhaps there has been a fine mind and a strong physical body and if there has been a moral collapse you may find that there has been a distortion of powers related to your own moral beauty. Or you may be an unhappy Christian and your morality takes away from the liquidity, freshness, and crispness, and the joyousness of life, so you may be morally good and morally fine, yet you seem to be missing so much in life and so, next Sunday morning, my subject will be "Religion Needs Humor."

Nothing in this world, which materia medica has to offer, nothing which any other principle of science that I know of, can offer, is more valuable to the person who is finding life an upset, difficult, tumultuous, uncertain, uneven, erotic experience, like a *GREAT FAITH, A GREAT FAITH.* You know faith and fear have the same basic root formations. Fear and faith. Even though I am wholly emancipated from the theological tyrannies of the past in Christianity, even tho I am completely released from the paganism of an ancient orthodoxy, even tho I do not entertain the same philosophy or the same attitude toward organized Christianity that the great majority of people do, even with all that, I could not live one more day and do my work without a deep abiding faith in God; a God who is bigger than churches; a God upon whom no church has a mortgage; a God no church owns; a God who has never been written into a creed yet; a God who is beyond the sky and the sky beyond the sky; a God of the cosmos; not an angry anthropomorphic God of men's creation in the form of a sublimated person. Not a God on a billowy cloud with a spear and an angry heart. Not a God who cries, "I am a jealous God and an angry God, and the only way I can be appeased is to kill my son and when I see his blood then I shall be satisfied." *NO, NO,* a thousand times NO, but a *GOD OF LOVE! MY FAITH IN THE ETERNAL GUIDING PRINCIPLE OF THAT GOD HAS BEEN MY STRENGTH, IT HAS SEEN ME THRU EVERY DIFFICULTY, EVERY PROBLEM. IT WILL SEE YOU THRU TOO."*

# The Liberalist

**FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARCTER**

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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## EDITORIAL

AS I go about the city sometimes in making calls on the sick, I have seen often in very humble homes a little jar, and in that jar a little sprig of a plant that someone is giving love to. What are those little plants? What are those little flowers? They are just the symbols of creative love in the human heart. Now, really, is it not pitiful that you and I miss so many opportunities to add to the beauty of the world? How would it be if everyone reading these lines tried to think real hard "Now what did I do last week to add to the beauty of life?" It would not be difficult for you to think of the things you did to make money. It would not be difficult for you to think of the places you went to see something or to do something. But what did you do to add beauty to someone's life? So that someone was able to say, "Oh, I am so glad you came my way." Out of all your activities of last week, is someone glad this morning, are they happier, has someone a little firmer grip on life and its problems? Some friend of yours may have had a very difficult time and life seemed to be in conspiracy against him; were you there when the going was hard?

Have your words been words of criticism and hate, or have they been words of rhythmic beauty and love. What did you say when you heard someone maligned by the viciousness of rumor or criticism, and you knew it was not justified. Did you speak? Did you come to the defense of those who were not there to defend themselves—have you added beauty to a life?

What kind of a world would it be if we all tried to make life beautiful? Just envisage it! Fundamentally we cannot buy that which creates true beauty, for beauty of character, beauty of personality, beauty of life is under the same law as all spiritual development. The only way that any person can acquire that elusive, intangible emanation of poise and beauty is when it is the by-product of creating beauty for others. You cannot be considerate, unselfish, thoughtful, you cannot have any of the fine qualities that make for the integrated personality, you cannot project those qualities without creating an elusive, intangible atmosphere about yourself. That atmosphere is true beauty. Your nose may be too broad and too

flat, your ears may stick out and your chin be too big or too little, your eyes too far apart or too close together, you may be tall or short, stout or thin, yet you may be so beautiful that when you enter a room, no matter what you have tried to do to improve on Nature, beauty will shine through the veneer. For to live life beautifully, means that we acquire beauty. Some of the most beautiful and the loveliest people I have ever known, by all the standards of the experts were homely people, but oh, so beautiful! Beauty is only the product of beauty, and there is not a person who cannot acquire that inward spiritual beauty that will make your presence a benediction. P. B.

"Each star that rises and doth fade,
Each bird that sings its song and sleeps,
Each spark of spirit fire that leaps
Within me—of One Flame were made!"

John Galsworthy.

(Poem from "1000 Quotable Poems" by Thomas Curtis Clark)

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# "CINDERELLA OF THE AIRWAYS"

THIS is the story of how Susan, a crippled girl, became Cinderella of the Airways one evening.

Susan, an eighteen year old crippled girl, wearing her *first* gardenia, drove toward Chicago's glittering Loop at dusk. With her occupational therapist she was on her way to an interview broadcast. This was her *first* trip to the Loop, and her *first* visit to a radio station. "It is like a fairy story," she said.

In a folding wheel chair Susan moved from car to studio, and rolled into position before the microphone opposite her interviewer.

With simple dignity she told how a crippling condition had held her homebound in their basement apartment for almost seven years. Only once a year was her father able to drive her into the country for an outing. The rest of the time her greatest adventure was to follow her mother from room to room in a wheel chair and try to help with household tasks. One day her brother brought home a discarded radio which he had repaired. Over the air Susan heard about the occupational therapist from her state Society for Crippled Children who would bring interesting work to homebound, crippled persons. She wrote for this service and her life began to change. The occupational therapist taught her to make craft novelties which were sold for her, and also encouraged her to learn to walk daily with crutches. Suddenly Susan's mother died and left her as housekeeper for her father and two brothers. From her wheel chair, or on her crutches, Susan learned that she could cook, make beds, dust, iron shirts—in fact, do everything but scrub floors and do the washing. When her brothers went into military service Susan and her father were left alone. "Now is the time, since your household cares are lighter, when you should get out among other girls of your own age," the occupational therapist told her. "Learn to climb those seven steps up to the street, and the school bus can take you over to the specialty shop to learn a trade with other crippled girls."

Susan learned to climb, under the encouraging direction of both the visiting nurse and occupational therapist. When at last she stood on the street level, the

school bus called for her three days a week and she joined the apprentice group in the specialty shop for making children's clothes. Now she had a future with new life—hope—friends—a chance to be with other girls at a job. She found herself wanting to tell everyone what the services of this Society had meant to her, and the radio on this particular evening gave her the opportunity. After the broadcast, phone calls came for her. "But I've never talked over a telephone," she told the therapist, "How do I do it?" When she was wheeled across the street for a late dinner she looked about the room full of tables. "Is this what they call a restaurant?" she asked softly.

This was her evening of *firsts,* never to be forgotten. And the *"first"* that made her happiest was telling others how the services supported by Easter Seals had brought a magical change in her life.

NENA W. BADENOCH.

On March 6th the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults begin their Annual Easter Seal Sale over the nation. When you receive an envelope with seals which you are asked to buy, think of Cinderella of the Airways and how much your little contribution—whether it is small or large—may mean to oh, so many other handicapped people, who perhaps need but a little outside help to start them on a self-supporting, and broader life. The seals buy a lot of service: they include Medical Care, Therapy, appliances, welfare, education, recreation and employment, and indirectly many other fine services.

I think of Grace Noll Crowell's lines:

"Because I have been given much,
I, too, shall give;
Because of Thy great bounty, Lord,
Each day I live
I shall divide my gifts from Thee
With every brother that I see
Who has the need of help from me."

P. B.

# "WHAT IF NO ONE HAD EVER TRIED"

IN spite of the fact that nothing quite like it has ever been known in the way of expeditions on this earth, or at any time in history, the present expedition in the Antarctic, of which Admiral Byrd is a part, does not seem to be creating the same romantic interest that Admiral Byrd had when he was in the Antarctic before and founded Little America and spent those long winter months there alone. Perhaps it is a race between the great powers as to who shall establish priority to whatever does come out of the expedition. But whatever it is, nothing quite like it has ever been attempted before in history and we shall all watch it with ever-increasing interest.

I had the opportunity here in Chicago, after Admiral Byrd came back from his Little America experience, of speaking with him at a banquet and he told me this remarkable story, one of the most remarkable that I have heard in connection with his work. One of the backers of the Antarctic expedition, the first one, lived on Long Island. He had a specially constructed radio, which enabled him to be in direct communication with Little America in the Antarctic. You will recall that the Admiral broadcast from there. Well, one eve-

ning he was listening to the broadcast coming all the way from the South Pole. Previously that evening he had had a telephone conversation with his office in New York City, and our Long Island friend had left the receiver off the hook, quite accidentally. His office was anxious to get in communication with him again, but could not ring his telephone. Knowing that he was in communication with the Antarctic, the office broadcast from New York to Commander Byrd, asking Byrd to broadcast to the man in his Long Island Home to please hang up his receiver, so his office could talk to him.

Well, in a world like that, and there are still more remarkable things happening now, I cannot understand why we are ever hesitant about being able to come to terms with these problems which are around us and before us. Already in the 80th Congress, we are beginning to see signs of how, even though one political party has a majority vote, there is so much division and so much difference of opinion that it may be, before much of the legislation which many people hoped would be almost automatic in Congress is passed, it will be so changed and watered down, that the expected results may not appear. One of the constant disappointments of my life is that we sometimes do not find the men and the leadership, and the technique by which we can do things. We know we can do it, the potentiality is here, but so many factors and influences enter into the scene, that we don't seem to get it done.

For thirty centuries man has known he has to find a way to get rid of war, and yet here he is today, bickering about in a world debating-society with minor issues and lesser matters absorbing his energy and taking his time, while the waters become more muddy, giving the prejudices and hatreds time to germinate and grow. It is nothing less than pathetic that this situation should exist. In a world which has developed science and art, education, religion, everything which indicates that man has capacity for development and growth, he stands in his own light, puts a barrier in his own path, builds his own failures. This may go on until there is such a reaction from the peoples of the world, the people who are, after all, the ones who must bear the suffering and the cost of the mistakes, failures and frailties of diplomats, presidents, foreign ministers and secretaries and all the rest, that there may be some day, a real peoples movement in the world. It may be in the making.

I lived through, and so did many of my listeners tonight, that period in which, twenty-five years ago, they were discussing and arguing over the League of Nations. I knew all the arguments. I listened to them. So did many of you. Well, one would almost think that we hadn't grown a day older; and that man had not made a single advance step since that time, for you still hear the same old arguments, the same old reasoning, the same old technique, and the same old tactics everywhere. Yet, within that quarter of a century, we know so much has happened in the world of science, and particularly in the field of atomic energy, that we have an entirely different world on our hands, with entirely different problems. Yet we go on with the same old reasoning and the same old prejudices and the same old blindness. But there are evidences, and I think quite conclusive, in every country in the world, including the enemy countries of Germany and Japan, that there is a stirring on the part of the people.

There may be a new type of leadership come out of the nations. There may be men, and women too, who will

be of tremendous influence and constructive and creative power, who today have never been heard of — we don't know their names. But in the next two or three or four years about all there is left to do, is to do something before somebody decides to use an atom bomb. I think this is the greatest challenge we ever had, the greatest opportunity for leadership; the greatest moment in the Congress in all of our history; the greatest opportunity a President ever faced, or a Secretary of State. This is the time for greatness and we must not run away or be discouraged or say it cannot be done. This is the very time when, because of the character of the challenge we can develop strength and get over our flabbiness, our weakness, our ease and softness. We will have developed some moral muscle when we get out of this.

Many of you remember that distinguished actor, E. H. Sothern. Well, he came into the world of the theatre just at the close of the great career of Edwin Booth, and his immortal Hamlet. Sothern said "I am going to play Hamlet." He was ridiculed, and the critics said, "Why, Mr. Sothern, are you going to play Hamlet with the memory of the greatest Hamlet of all times still in the minds of the American people?" "I know I can never play Hamlet as Edwin Booth played him, that I know; I know I can never be another Booth, but may I ask you a question? Please tell me what would have happened to Shakespeare and to Hamlet, if no one had ever tried?"

That's the attitude to take. If no one had ever tried! Well, supposing we all ask ourselves that question now. If no one ever tries; if we don't make one united effort to straighten out this situation, if no one tries to do it, and we let it slip along hodge-podge, you and I know what will happen. It is no longer a theory. It is before us. It is either going to be one thing or the other. Let us dedicate ourselves that as far as we can help, it will be the right thing for our nation, for our world, for the block in which we live and for the home where we live.

P. B.

# BOOK CHATS

AS we approach nearer to Easter, many of us are thinking about some little Easter gift for a loved one, and I have just finished reading a book which would be ideal for an Easter gift. It is entitled "The Search For Happiness," and is written by William Peter King and published by Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. The search for happiness is one of the oldest quests which man makes. All down through the centuries he has been trying to find serenity of soul and peace of mind, which means happiness. There have been many, many books written, and some of them (notably the one by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, "The Quest For Happiness"), have enduring qualities, and can be read and re-read with ever increasing helpfulness. And now Dr. King, in his new book which has just been published, has made a contribution to the subject. The book is not a ponderous, weighty, or academic book. The writer knows human nature and his philosophy of happiness is a crystallization of his own experience. It is written in a very easy, read-

able, flowing style. He indicates a thoughtful mind and a familiarity with the best of literature, by the quality of quotations which he uses from the great writers. On almost every page you will find such a quotation, which again indicates that he has prepared himself by being familiar with the best thought on the subject. One of the early sentences in his foreword is a quotation from John Stuart Mill, and which is verified in human experience, that "Actions are right, in proportion as they tend to produce happiness, wrong as they tend to produce the reverse of happiness." He even quotes such opponents to the idea of happiness as Voltaire, who said that "Men are tormented atoms in a bed of mud, devoured by death, a mockery of fate. This world, this theatre of pride and wrong, swarms with sick fools, who talk of happiness." And then a quotation from another great pessimist, Schopenhauer, who wrote, "Life is a misfortune, and none but the dead are happy." I give you these quotations in order to show that Dr. King approaches his subject realistically and not with any Pollyanna attitude. This approach takes this book immediately out of the group of books which attempt to guard happiness by refusing to acknowledge the severity of the things around us which bring unhappiness. It is inspirational in the highest sense of the word. I have never thought that the better critics were sufficiently kind to books of this character, and yet, literature is filled, and novels in particular, with the experiences of men and women which make for unhappiness, misery and failure. I have always felt a sort of inner glow that I have never hesitated to say what I thought would be inspiring and helpful, even though it might not meet with the approval of some who deify the intellect and talk about the intangible, argumentative something called realism.

I like the logical manner in which Dr. King has divided his book into parts. Part One deals in the search for happiness on the Wrong Trail, and he treats constructively and analytically the five things that people have sought for in the hope that they might bring happiness: Fame, Wealth, Pleasure, Power, Knowledge. His analysis of each one of these motives for happiness is one of the finest I have ever read.

Part Two he calls "The Foes of Happiness," and in this part there are five illuminating, dynamic, constructive, creative chapters, which he calls, "The Worry of Life," "The Work of Life," "The Perplexed Mind," "The Self-Centered Life," and "The Dark Shadow of Fear."

Part Three he calls "The Conditions of Happiness," and again there are five chapters: "Accepting Ourselves," "The Saving Sense of Humor," "Knowing How to Grow Old," "Memory and Imagination," and "Happiness in the Inner Spirit." I think every reader will realize that he has been sufficiently comprehensive in his approach to the subject of happiness that one could not possibly read this book without recognizing the finest technique one can use in living life, which will bring happiness. A psychologist estimates that one-fourth of the people have more misery than joy. If that is true, and I rather think it is, there certainly is a place for this book.

I particularly like the chapter on "The Saving Sense of Humor." Dr. King in his foreword quotes what I have seen written on the door of the Cathedral at Chester, England. It is in the form of a prayer, and remember, it is on the door of the Cathedral.

"Give me a sense of humour, Lord,
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some pleasure out of life,
And pass it on to other folk."

This wouldn't be a bad thing to put on the door of every church and synagogue in the nation. Dr. L. P. Jacks, the distinguished editor of the Hibbard Journal and one of the great authorities on adult education in this world, and former principal of Manchester College, Oxford, has a book which he calls "The Lost Radiance of Religion." I think that is one of the things that has been the matter with religion and the church. It has left so much of the light and romance and glamor of life to the sordid places, places that destroy the body and soul and has not kept enough of the vitality of good humor and the effervescence of fine living for the people. I must make one other quotation from the book which I like, and which I had never heard before. A scientist, after discovering that cheerful people resist disease better than glum ones, remarked: "The surly bird catches the germ." Well, it's a fine little book, and it is one which you will thank me, I know, for bringing to your attention: "The Search For Happiness," by Dr. William Peter King.

* * *

Without under-estimating the splendid work which has been done by all religious denominations and all faiths to help the peoples of the world, it can be said without exaggeration or apology that probably no group has done more during the war and since than the Friends Service Committee, which sometimes is spoken of as The Quakers. This group has won the admiration, the respect and the confidence of every government and all the peoples of the world. They are a very small denomination as we think of religious denominations, but the influence of a religious communion is never determined by its size. Our next book, "The Good Crop," is a book about a Quaker family in a Quaker community here in Eastern Illinois. When William Rees married his wife Rebecca, it was their only desire to raise a good family. The story of their lives and of the eleven children in this community is what makes this one of the most beautiful, interesting, lovable stories I have read. Surely it is an antidote for much of the rot and filth that creeps into so many of our modern novels, under the name of realism.

Here is realism at its highest and its best. Here is a story that begins in Tennessee, crosses Kentucky, then diagonally over Indiana, into Illinois. The poet Whittier, you know, was a Quaker and Whittier has a poem that says:

"The Quaker of the olden time!
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within."

The father, William, was a fine example of a man who has a radiant, yet warm and inviting personality, and this influence reached out to each of his children.. Interestingly enough, Levi, who was the eldest of the family was the one they hoped might become a minister, but, as sometimes happens, he turned out to be the problem child of the family. Then there was Sarah, whom you will meet in these pages. She was a strong and vivid personality and seemed at times to have great difficulty in fitting into the friendly pattern of the family. The helpful thing about this novel is that the problems which they have, this family with the eleven children, are problems which appear regularly in every family, and the manner in which this family met those problems is something that would be enheartening and refreshing to all families who have problems and difficulties.

Running through William's life and his love of the individual, for he be-

lieved that each individual had something worth helping and worth preserving and worth developing, was William's devotion to the memory of Lincoln. While the story is a long ways away from the Civil War—it is not a Civil War story in any particular—yet the lingering influence of Lincoln was felt in the family, and the father thought of Lincoln as a great example, and felt that the homey atmosphere which Lincoln always created was one that was very essential to bringing out in people the best that was in them. It is an interesting point. All men—and women too, of course—who have had tremendous spiritual and cultural influences upon people are the type of people who bring out the best in others and seem to influence them in such a way that they desire to be their best in their presence. That has been a characteristic of all personalities who have been good influences as they went along through life. You know people like that. I do. People who, when you meet them, immediately you feel that it would be impossible to be mean or small in their presence. They awaken within you the best there is. Well, that is the way with this book. There is a great honesty in her portrayal of all these human relationships. The portrait of this Rees family is drawn with fidelity to the family of the period and at a time I think when probably American family life was having one of its happiest and most inspiring eras.

I haven't said anything about the author, Elizabeth H. Emerson. Well, she grew up in a small Quaker world, and of course her experience enabled her to treat the characters in her book, "The Good Crop," with exactness and accuracy. Her own education was in the academy they helped to found, and the college which three of their sons attended. Her husband is a well-known botanist, and for the past sixteen years they, with their two daughters have lived in New Mexico. She is enthusiastic about the beautiful scenery and climate of that part of our country, and attributes the writing of many of her articles, stories, poems and plays to its stimulating influence. Although her present home is far removed from the centers of Quakerism, no place could in truth remove her from her early friendly environment and experience out of which "The Good Crop" has come. I have met many people in the literary field who have the same interest in books that people have who love the theatre. The latter like to go to the openings of the plays. Well, there are people in the literary field who have a special yen for first novels, and I should tell you that this book, "The Good Crop," is a first novel, but I am convinced it will not be Mrs. Emerson's last novel. The main people in this book are real people, and they travel under their own good name. I wish America would read more books like this, instead of some of the books which seem to have no trouble in becoming best sellers. P. B.

# CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

# The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

IT IS inconceivable that the new year, so lately dawned, has swung around to the swirling, blustering, changeful, unpredictable month of March — the month that ushers in spring. And the Christian world kneels in the season of Lent. Perhaps this specially trying month answers a purpose in buffeting us about like a shuttlecock, giving us a balmy day with warmth in the sunshine and promise of spring, making one feel so joyous and light they could fly to the heavens blue, and the next day (or next hour) a cold boisterous wind—quite possibly snow—brings us down with a thud. All this and much more, to try the patience and rough up the disposition in the month of Lent, when we are supposed to be prayerful—to be searching our hearts and lives to pluck the weeds—to be more tolerant, more kind—less critical—more patient. And then—the March lion roars—and maybe we jump and maybe we don't, forgetting the high thoughts we were sailing on and the fine intentions smash up like crystal if we are not watchful, zealous, and faithful.

Yes—March is a queer month—but as I said, I believe it serves a good purpose—and if we can just climb the "March hill"—spring will be there over the top!

* * *

One of my "good intentions" right now is to give you a few letters that I have taken from the mail bag. People in sorrow—in trouble—in illness and suffering—near and far, receiving help and encouragement from Dr. Bradley's daily broadcasts. Mrs. Zula Stockard writes from Washington, D.C.: "Dear Dr. Bradley: I listen to your broadcast on 'Hymns of All Churches' program every day I am at home. It is a wonderful program, so helpful at all times, but especially so when we are sick or have lost our loved ones, as has been my case this past year. I had to spend a great part of my time in bed for three months and during that time one of my dear brothers was called home. And it seemed to me you selected the songs and messages just for me, they were so comforting. You seem to interpret our needs in your message each day. Thank you so much for the help you've been to me so many times."

* * *

It is a special pleasure to receive a letter from someone living in the little Michigan town where Dr. Bradley was born, and this is a charming friendly letter—the kind that makes us feel we know the writer, although we have never met her. Mrs. Ruth Barton wrote from Linden, Mich.: "Dear Dr. Bradley: Every morning as I do my housework I wait with anticipation for the program 'Hymns of All Churches.' I sing the songs and enjoy the choir, but when the time comes for your little talk I sit down by the radio to enjoy it to its fullest. Imagine my surprise this morning when you gave your talk about 'Honor Thy Father and Mother' and told of Linden—where you were born and where your parents lived so long! I wonder, now, as I write, how

many letters you will receive from this community—perhaps many that are more interesting than mine, but I wanted you to know that your program is one of my favorites and that every morning my Dad, who is over eighty, is listening and enjoying it too, and somehow we just say 'Hello' through your kind and inspiring words. He has given me many happy memories of a life on a farm with a large family, a breakfast table where the Bible was always read, church and Sunday School every Sunday and a fireside where Mother played the organ and hymns were sung by ourselves and friends. Your talks bring me that thoughtful, quiet moment that gives me strength and joy for the day. I find them running through my mind days afterward and they are always welcome."

* * *

I am sure many of you heard Dr. Bradley's broadcast in which he spoke of and read a "Calendar of Remembrance" sent him by a radio listener in Logansport, Ind. The following letter is from the same listener, who was made quite happy by the broadcast which brought her messages from many friends. She says "Dear Dr. Bradley: I want to thank you for your broadcast of January 6 at which time you read my 'Calendar of Remembrances.' The program was no sooner off the air than messages began coming to me of sincere appreciation of it and of the fine way in which it was read. I shall always treasure these expressions from my friends and acquaintances. It will no doubt be of interest to you to know of the various types of listeners to your program. Men as well as women called me. The principal of the high school, now retired, I went to school to; an elderly man, a neighbor, who is almost blind; other retired teachers and friends who were schoolmates of mine also called. The mail has brought many fine and interesting communications too. The copy of the 'Liberalist' for December which I received was of great interest to me and I read it from cover to cover and would appreciate receiving a copy of the January issue. I want to tell you again how much your broadcasts mean to me and thank you for the pleasant experience you have made possible. Sincerely, Grace E. Purkey."

* * *

It is interesting to note how Dr. Bradley's message travels in all directions. This one comes from Tampa, Florida: "My dear Dr. Bradley: I have always loved 'Hymns of All Churches' programs, possibly because I was trained in the choir by my mother; and I felt the former programs couldn't be improved on. But I am sure you have added a great deal to the lives of millions of listeners, for they feel your deep sincerity with the inspiration you unfailingly leave them. I wish I could really tell you how deeply enriched I find my life and have five days a week to look forward to! With sincere good wishes. Cordially yours, Mrs. James D. Hedrick."

* * *

From Florida we go to Chanute, Kansas, for the next letter: "Dear Dr. Bradley: I certainly appreciate your fine talks. I think it one of the best broadcasts on the air and although I'm not a member of any church I get a lot of inspiration or uplifting or whatever it is that makes our problems easier. I try to arrange my work so I can hear you every day but sometimes static or household duties prevent me hearing the broadcast. I always feel benefited from the program, feel I am just a little better by hearing it. Sincerely, Alta Flottman."

* * *

Another short message of appreciation comes from a Philadelphia businessman recuperating from an opera-

tion. He writes: "Dear Dr. Bradley: While home for the past two weeks recuperating from a surgical operation I have been privileged to listen to the General Mills program, 'Hymns of All Churches.' May I express appreciation for the beauty and dignity of this program which I have found very inspiring. It's unusual for a busy business man to have an opportunity to enjoy such a treat and I want you and your sponsors to know what this program has meant to me. Very truly yours, Horace S. Felton."

* * *

With this we will close the mail bag. Lent is a good time to write letters! Suppose you who have not written before do so now? We would appreciate it.

AND — KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

---

# DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

## FOR JANUARY

1—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

2—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

3—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

5—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church

6—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

7—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. United Broadcasting
Radio address. WGN
Address. International Harvester Co. Dinner

8—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church

9—Radio address. WLS
Opening address. Chicago Public Library
Radio address. WGN

10—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. PTA Clisshold School

11—Address. Municipal Art League

12—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church

13—Radio address. WLS
Address. Chicago Council of Jewish Women
Meeting. Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library
Radio address. WGN

14—Radio address. WLS
Address. Junior Chamber of Commerce
Radio address. WGN
Silver Anniversary, Izaac Walton League of America

15—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
Meeting. Board of Trustees, Peoples Church

16—Radio address. WLS
Address. Chicago Public Library
Radio address. WGN

17—Radio address. WLS
Address. Daughters of Veterans of Civil War
Address. Old Peoples Home
Radio address. WGN

18—Board Meeting. Municipal Art League

19—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church

20—Radio address. WLS
Address. Ad Post, American Legion
Radio Address. WGN
21—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Youth Conference
Radio address. WGN
Address. Annual Regional Boy Scout Dinner
22—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
23—Radio address. WLS
Address. Chicago Public Library
Radio address. WGN
24—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Du Sable High School
26—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Evening Service. Peoples Church
27—Radio address. WLS
Meeting, Press and Radio with Council of Foreign Relations
Radio address. WGN
Commencement Address. Roosevelt College
28—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Re Brotherhood Week
Address. Izaac Walton League of America, Cedar Rapids, Iowa
29—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
30—Radio address. WLS
Closing address. Chicago Public Library
Radio address. WGN
31—Radio address. WLS
Address. Arche Club
Radio address. WGN

## *CHRISTENINGS*

12—Marcia Ann Ohlin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Ohlin
22—Chester Lowell Booton

## *WEDDINGS*

1—Richard Georgan and Irene Orr
4—Clarence Edelson and Patricia Ann Barganier
8—L. H. Rossbach and Laura Chandler
11—James Campbell and Genevieve Lucchesi
15—Dr. David S. Jaffray and Mrs. Edna Miller Seipp
16—Hans E. Lehmann and Verna Carlson
18—Michael Rebey and Velma Strachenowski
20—Robert Lambert and Florence Acklin
25—Leonard Larson and Martha Thomas
Frank H. Miller and Vera Jan Grandburgh

## *FUNERALS*

4—Frank J. Stein
8—William Schmidt
Mrs. Percy Weaver
11—Kari Nordaker
13—Mrs. Julia E. Leach
15—Herman Roggeman
22—Henry Sidell
Emison O. McClure
28—Lawrence Bauer

# "Still Thou Art Question"

We place Thy sacred name upon our brows;
Our cycles from Thy natal day we score:
Yet, spite of all our songs and all our vows,
We thirst and ever thirst to know Thee more.

For Thou art Mystery and Question still;
Even when we see Thee lifted as a sign
Drawing all men unto that hapless hill
With the resistless power of Love Divine.

Still Thou art Question—while rings in our ears
Thine outcry to a world discord-beset:
*Have I been with thee all these many years,*
*O World—dost thou not know Me even yet?*

*Author Unknown*

*(From "1000 Quotable Poems"*
*Anthology of Thomas Curtis Clark)*

## PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

**Lawrence at Sheridan**

**35th Season**

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD) ..... 11:00 a.m.
HOLY WEEK SERVICES (See page 3) ..... 12:10 p.m.
CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall ..... 9:30 a.m.
SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not broadcast) ..... 7:30 p.m.
WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—Church Auditorium ..... 8:00 p.m.
CHOIR REHEARSAL Fridays—Auditions 7:30—Church Auditorium ..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB (Meets every two weeks, Anderson Hall)
Mar. 3, 1:00 p.m. Mrs. W. M. Holmes, Chrm. Law Observance & Civil Serv. Depts., will present Mrs. Mary Berkemeier Quinn, Public Guardian of Cook County, and Robt. L. Hunter, Pres., Ill. Civil Serv. Comm. Mrs. Wyllys Hagen, State Chrm. Civil Serv., will also speak. Mrs. Chas. Roberts, Program Chrm., will present Gloria Dowson, Harpist. Mrs. Harold Bestorp, Tea Hour Hostess ..... 1:00 p.m.

Mar. 17, 12:30 p.m. Luncheon and Card Party by Ways and Means Dept., Ethel Fowler, Chrm. Tickets $1.00. For reservations call Pal. 7516 ..... 12:30 p.m.

Mar. 31, 1:00 p.m. Ethel Fowler, Chrm., American Citizenship Dept., will present Mrs. W. H. Jenkins. Subject: "Old Glory Speaks." Guest Artist: Alice Monroe, Pianist; and Trudi, Seeing-Eye Dog. Mrs. Geo. Staub, Tea Hour Hostess ..... 1:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB (Meets 1st and 3rd Monday, Anderson Hall)
Mar. 3, 8:00 p.m. Guest Artist: Alice Sheldon Clock, well known book reviewer. Subject: "American Authors in the Midwest" ..... 8:00 p.m.

Mar. 17, 8:00 p.m. Town Hall Meeting and Forum Discussion. Subject: "India" ..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB (Meets every 4th Monday in Anderson Hall)
Next regular meeting March 24 ..... 8:00 p.m.

USHER'S CLUB (Meets 4th Friday each month, Anderson Hall)
Next regular meeting March 28 ..... 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTEIME CLUB (Meets on Notice).
Jane Jones, Pres., 1261 Argyle St., Ard. 9301 ..... 8:00 p.m.

PARENT-TEACHER FORUM of the Church School. (Meets 2nd Monday each month in Anderson Hall)
Next regular meeting March 10 ..... 8:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS, J. Bradley-Griffin, Dir., 1642 N. Clark St., Mic. 7766. Drama Tea first Sunday each month, Anderson Hall, 4 p.m. Membership auditions second Sunday each month, 1642 N. Clark St., 3 p.m. New production opens first Saturday each month. For details see page 22.

THE CHANNING CLUB (Meets every other Monday in Bradley Hall)
Joan Pink, Pres., 4608 Hazel St., Ard. 1482. All young people of high school age are cordially invited to join ..... 8:00 p.m.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP No. 187 (Meets every Thursday in Anderson Hall) 7:00 p.m.
Betty Boaz, Leader.

### DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday Morning Service ..... 11:00 to 12:30 p.m.
WLS—"Hymns of All Churches" (ABC Network—200 stations) Monday through Friday ..... 9:25 a.m.
WGN—Monday through Friday ..... 6:00 p.m.

# THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

**Center of Allied Arts**

**J. Bradley-Griffin, Director**

**Temporary Headquarters and School 1642 N. Clark St., Michigan 7766**

* * *

## MARCH PRODUCTION

"KIND LADY"
by Edward Chodorov
Presented Saturday Evenings in March
March 1-8-15-22-29
Eleventh Street Theatre
62 E. 11th Street
Curtain 8:30 p.m.

* * *

## MARCH DRAMA TEA

Two One-Act Plays
directed by
J. Bradley-Griffin and Marvyn Harbert

GUEST ARTISTS
Lola Fletcher—George McHardy
Carol Smith—Theodore Roupas
in a presentation of
"Morning of the Year"
a Song Cycle by Charles Wakefield Cadman
Anderson Hall, The Peoples Church
Sunday, March 2nd, 4 p.m.

* * *

## MARCH SPOTLIGHT

J. Bradley-Griffin
in a recital version of
"COME OF AGE"
by Clemence Dane
with Lulu Jones Downing at the piano
Anderson Hall, Peoples Church
Tuesday Evening, March 11th
8 o'clock

APRIL ATTRACTION—"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"

# AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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# Honor Roll

Adams, Franklyn
Adams, LeRoy
Allen, Robert George, Ens.
*Anderson, Frank
Anderson, Harold
Anderson, Norman P.
Andrey, G.
Arms, George F., Stf. Sgt.
Arnopol, Richard Arthur
Ball, Kenneth R.
Bartlett, Tommy
Baumann, Robert
Berglund, William
Berhalter, Howard
Blue, Lloyd, Jr.
Blue, Wayne P.
Bluhm, Arthur
Bluhm, Ben C.
Bluhm, Herbert, Major
Boaz, Charles
Bower, Clyde F.
Brosious, Donald W.
Brosious, Edward P.
Buchanan, James W., Sgt.
Bunn, Robert R.
Burkhard, Gordon Robert
Byron, R. B.
Cappelli, Mario, Jr., Lt.
Carlseen, Howard
Carlton, Rosalie M.
Christ, Frank G.
Code, James
*Crane, Charles C.
Cuzort, James T.
Dahlstrom, Gordon R.
DeWees, William Robert
Droth, Betty
DuMont, Harry
Dwinell, Robert M.
Eddy, George G., Jr.
Edelhart, Marvin I.
Eldred, Robert L., Lt.
Elya, Verl
Eronson, Frans
Estal, Wendel, Cpl.
Ettelson, David
Etter, John T., Jr., Lt.
Faulkner, Donald G., Cpt.
Felch, George
Fishman, Carl Leonard
*Formanek, George, Jr., Lt.
Fortuin, George J.
Fulton, Robert Harry
Fuss, Charles, Cpl.
Fuss, June
Freitag, George
Freitag, John L.
Garner, William C.
Gau, William R.
Gill, Robert E.
Goetz, Fred H., Jr.
Gray, Harry S.
Gregg, Noel Dudley
Gregg, Robert D.
Haban, Andrew, Cpt.
Hagen, John H.
Hangel, Robert L.
Hannum, Robert
Hansen, Harold E.
Hansen, Robert J.
Harbert, Marvyn F.
Harling, Robert, Sgt.
Heg, Winslow
*Killed in action.

Henderson, Tom
Henderson, William
Hendrich, John
Henning, Anne E.
Hobbs, William F., Sgt.
Hoots, Harold W., Cpl.
Hurley, Betty Best
Hurley, William R., Sgt.
Ingersoll ,Harold
Johannes, Henry C., Dr.
Johansonn, Eileen
Johnson, Lawrence
Jones, Lincoln H.
Kastner, Howard H.
Kemper, Calvin C.
Kiltz, Elwood E.
Klingler, Lambert H.
Klippel, Winifred
Kokoefer, E.
Kosner, James, Cpl.
Kramer, Hans
Kredler, Arthur J., Jr.
Kredler, Stanley
Kreutzer, Fred H., Lt.
Kruskopf, George E.
Langley, Philip
Lantz, Huber C., Cpl.
LaPointe, J. C.
Larsen, Vincent William
Lauletta, June Blair
Lawson, Roy O., Sgt.
Leffler, Ruth
Lehnert, William A.
Lichtenebert, Rudolph
Maddox, Don, Cpl.
Marsh, Carlton H., Lt.
Mason, Frank J.
McCord, Sarah Parks
Merrick, Jay
Merrill, Leslie
Meyer, James H., Capt
Meyer, Kurt
Meyer, Robert H.
Miles, Mark Alan
Miller, Harold R.
Miller, John M.
Miller, Richard
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